

Before He Cheats

Eva Under Fire

Right now, he's probably slow dancing
With a bleached-blond tramp
And she's probably getting frisky
Right now, he's probably buying her some fruity little drink
'Cause she can't shoot a whiskey
Right now, he's probably up behind her with a pool-stick
Showing her how to shoot a combo
And he don't know

I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little souped up four-wheel drive
Carved my name into his leather seats
I took a Louisville Slugger to both headlights
Slashed a hole in all four tires
Maybe next time, he'll think before he cheats

Right now, she's probably up singing some
White-trash version of Shania karaoke
Right now, she's probably saying, "I'm drunk"
And he's a thinking that he's gonna get lucky
Right now, he's probably dabbing on
Three dollars worth of that bathroom Polo
Oh, and he don't know

Oh, that I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little souped up four-wheel drive
Carved my name into his leather seats
I took a Louisville Slugger to both headlights
Slashed a hole in all four tires
Maybe next time, he'll think before he cheats

I might've saved a little trouble for the next girl
'Cause the next time that he cheats
Oh, you know it won't be on me
No, not on me

'Cause I dug my key into the side
Of his pretty little souped up four-wheel drive
Carved my name into his leather seats
I took a Louisville Slugger to both headlights
Slashed a hole in all four tires
Maybe next time, he'll think before he cheats

Oh, maybe next time, he'll think before he cheats
Oh, before he cheats
Oh